

Hotter than Cajun

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Hotter than Cajun

by [ishipthemsogoddamnhard](#)

Summary

Post-fall murder husbands. Will discovers how much Hannibal likes his long-lost accent.

Notes

Just a little drabble because I too have this kink and feel Hannibal's pain...

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

They were in Paris now. Sat in a fairly private corner of the restaurant, their favourite, which being Saturday was alive with activity. Hannibal sipped his wine and listened to Will talk about his childhood in Louisiana, a conversation inspired by something they had just eaten, but then a thought occurred.

“You know for everything we’ve ever said to each other, I cannot for the life of me imagine you with that accent, Will.” Hannibal wondered aloud. Will considered this for a second, before deciding he was curious what would happen...

“Ohh this one? Ah’m sure ah don’t know what you mean...” He drawled carefully, fixing Hannibal with his most flirtatious smile.

Hannibal’s jaw tightened, this was not the response he had been expecting. Will was fascinated his reaction. Hannibal was well travelled, so why should this be anything special? He was feeling playful now and he loved to push Hannibal’s buttons.

“What’s the matter, darlin’...don’t you liiike it?” Will continued, raising an eyebrow. Hannibal’s eyes were hooded as he parted his lips. Will watched as he sucked the lower one slowly between his teeth. Will sidled around the booth closer to him, reached across himself, and very deliberately placed his hand high on Hannibal’s thigh.

Hannibal’s fixed his gaze on the stem of the wine glass he was rolling between his fingers, marveling at how naughty his Will was tonight. Will leaned in a little, relentless, and dug his fingers into the flesh Hannibal’s leg.

“You sure do look miiighty uncomfortable...maybe ah can help?” Will teased, still feigning innocence. Hannibal let out a long breath that he’d been holding in a low groan, his cock beginning to harden. Will didn’t fail to notice.

Hannibal turned to look into his eyes, and saw them darkened with lust but dancing with mischief. He smirked. “You will pay for this tonight, William.”

Will decided if that was the game they were playing, he was going in for the kill. He nuzzled under Hannibal’s jaw to place a soft kiss on his neck. Exaggerating every syllable and his breath tickling Hannibal’s skin, Will whispered right at his ear. “Well dayum, cher...I’ve a miiind to take you home this minute...”

Hannibal all but growled as he signaled for the bill, grabbed Will by his curls and roughly pulled him in for a fierce kiss...

End Notes

This tiny awful ficlet is my horcrux ;)

Works inspired by this one

[\[Podfic\] Hotter than Cajun](#) by [Ravin_Pods \(Ravin\)](#).

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